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the chorus breaking in, ever and anon, upon the melody, except perhaps the thrilling sensation communicated by the *sotto voce* "whisper now," in which Braham is so effective; the chorusses are fine throughout, and partake much of the German school, indeed there are evident traces of Weber in many parts of the opera. In the last scene the Author presents us with a melange of the various airs throughout the piece, and the beautiful transitions from the Allegro to the Penseroso, are managed with a skill that would do credit to Rossini, master, as he undoubtedly is, of the crescendo style.

Our limits will not permit us to dwell upon the manner in which the opera was represented here; we shall merely remark that Braham does ample justice to all his songs, and to our taste he sings the Barcarole better than we have heard it, either in France or Germany—(Italy does not patronize French music,) and in return for the great pleasure he afforded us, we cannot better express our gratitude than by entreating the manager, not to peril his life, or even scare his nerves, by that ill-timed excursion on horseback, with which one scene is concluded; the other performers were respectable in the various parts allotted to them—yet we may suggest to Mr. Brough, that a fisherman is not necessarily a bandit, and need not *ex officio* look like a cut-throat. There are some curtains, and one chorus has been entirely omitted.

The scenery deserves our most unqualified admiration, and though it is difficult to particularize where all is good, yet we would recommend to the especial notice of our play-going friends, the view of the Market-Place, and also that of the Bay of Naples, in which the effect of interminable distance is so powerfully combined with the apparent haze of an Italian noon.

FINE ARTS.

THE DEAD CHRIST.

WE have in preparation an article upon the past and present state of the Fine Arts in Ireland, which we shall introduce to our readers in our second number; for the present we must limit ourselves to a brief notice of the statue now exhibiting at the Royal Irish Institution. "Christ taken from the Cross," executed in marble by Mr. Hogan, a Cork artist. It has attracted much and deserved attention, and the artist has been honoured with a gold medal by the Dublin Society. It is indeed a beautiful statue. The death-like repose of the whole figure is peaceful yet awful. The head, hands and arms recline in powerless rigidity, conveying at once to the mind the expression of death, with a fidelity we have rarely seen imparted to stone. Were they severed from the body, and laid in a place by themselves, one would still perceive, at a glance, that they belonged to the figure of a corpse. The right leg and foot are stretched together by the peculiar recumbent posture of the body, into that continuous stiffness, which, while it displays the varied talent of the artist, is still strikingly true to nature. The face (though deficient in Grecian delicacy and intellectual character, especially about the nose,) is, in other respects, highly expressive; dignity, sweetness, and the last traits of the agony of the cross, are blended with considerable skill.

There is even depicted in the suffering lineaments, particularly about the mouth, an expression of rapture as if in conscious triumph over the grave. The shape of the breast, and the sunken position of the entire frame, display a master's hand, and speak volumes for the artist's powers of observation and composition. Indeed the anatomy of the figure seemed to us, throughout, remarkably perfect; every muscle is a study. From the sunken and death-like features, and the exquisite yet truly natural expression of the mouth, it may well be seen that the artist is one

— "Who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,

* * *
Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,
And marked the mild and placid air,
The rapture of repose that's there."

The hair flows down in a very graceful manner; it is however in the Italian stony style, and not like the rich natural hair of Chantry and our best British sculptors.

There is also lying for public inspection a Fawn, by the same artist, cast in plaster from a model executed by him in Rome. This is a highly wrought representation of nature in its picturesque mythological garb, under the influence of intoxication. The Fawn has staggered and fallen over his empty urn, he still endeavours to rise and to support himself on his left hand, while his right yet grasps convulsively the darling cup, and every vein that swells on the surface of both, proclaims how his blood is careering through its channels, under the influence of the potent libations which he has been quaffing in honour of plump Bacchus with pink eye, whose emblems wreath his urn. The countenance is truly voluptuous, and the head presents a fine illustration of the natural expression of the phrenological feature "Gustativeness." We do not know if Mr. Hogan intended this, but the effect is happy and highly characteristic.

We had written a charming critique, but somewhat lengthy, picking divers holes in both the statue and the cast, and pointing out how Mr. Hogan may attain a more graceful general outline, and more Grecian elegance and lightness in his next statue, but in this, as in fifty other capital articles omitted or curtailed, our 'very exquisite fooling' is cheated of its fair proportions by the dingy demon of the printing office crying "hold enough."

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM EDINBURGH.

No. 1.

Edinburgh, December 28th, 1829.

EDINBURGH is not quite so full at this moment, as it was a fortnight since, and will be again a week hence. During the Christmas holidays our courts of law do not meet, and the consequence is, that many of our advocates and writers to the signet—an important part of the population in Edinburgh—betake themselves to country stations where they are sure of plump goose and luscious turkey. The young gentlemen of the University avail themselves of a similar opportunity, and rattle away in the stage coach to astonish and delight their country cousins. You are of course aware, that we presbyterians, do not attach any importance to Christmas in a religious point of view, and the only use to which we turn the

day, is to make it the occasion of eating one of the very best dinners we can possibly get, and of drinking a proportionate number of bumpers to the health of all our friends and relations, down to cousins seventeen times removed.

On the whole, Edinburgh is tolerably brisk this season. Last winter was terribly dull, but there are better hopes of this. You will be surprised, however, to learn that the only place of public amusement we have, is the Theatre Royal. The minor theatre is closed, and there is not a single exhibition of any kind where one can loiter away an evening hour. Nor is the theatre, after all, very well attended. Miss Paton, who was here about six weeks ago, drew splendid houses; but Macready, Miss Smithson, and the regular company have performed since to but indifferent audiences. Sir Walter Scott's tragedy called, "The House of Aspen," which appears in the "*Keepsake*," was produced about a week ago in very excellent style; but it is a heavy acting play, and though it has been repeated every night since, it does not draw houses. A pantomime is in preparation, which will no doubt induce all the good papas and mammas, to make their small but numerous families happy for one evening. Our other gaieties in prospect, are four subscription concerts, given annually, by the society of professional musicians: the public assemblies, of which there are also four, and to which will probably be added a fancy ball. The theatrical fund dinner, which is fixed for the 29th of January, the second that has taken place in Edinburgh, is rendered memorable by the fact, that at the first meeting (in 1827) of the members and patrons of the association, Sir Walter Scott, who was in the chair, publicly confessed himself the author of all the Waverley novels. In addition to these amusements, we shall of course be visited by a few lions, who will afford materials for the gossip of a day.

In the literary world, I am not aware that there is anything very remarkable stirring. Our periodical literature seems to be flourishing, although, as you know, our great Aristarchus—Francis Jeffrey, has retired from the labour of editing the *Edinburgh Review*, and the task has now devolved upon Mr. Macvey Napier. Besides Blackwood, which every body knows and reads, we have another magazine, called *The New Scots Magazine*, which is edited by Mr. Peterkin. We have also a *Literary Journal*, which has got into very extensive circulation, as it is to be hoped your *Dublin Literary Gazette* will do; and Dr. Browne, formerly Editor of the *Caledonian Mercury*, announces, that in addition to the eight newspapers we already possess, he is about to establish a ninth—called *The North Briton*. The Edinburgh newspapers are all respectable, and are on a much better footing, I believe, than is general elsewhere. An action of damages against an Edinburgh paper is quite a rarity. While talking of our periodical literature, I must not of course omit to mention *Constable's Miscellany*, the father of all the *Family Libraries* and *Pocket Cyclopedias* now in existence. Notwithstanding the number of rivals that have started up, it still keeps its ground, and I believe pays well. The proprietors are about to publish "A History of Chivalry and the Crusades," which I believe will be found an interesting work; and they have also in preparation a "History of the Knights of Malta,"—a "History of Music,